CAPTAIN MARVEL #28

"TIME FLIES PART 2: SO TONIGHT WE'RE GONNA PARTY LIKE IT'S 2099!"

BRIDGE
OMICS

UH... MARLO... WHAT, UHM...

...WHAT'RE YOU DOIN'?

I'M ROASTING A CHICKEN, AL. WHAT THE HELL DOES IT *LOOK* LIKE I'M DOING?

IT LOOKS LIKE YOU'RE TAPING THE TOILET LID SHUT.

THERE YA GO.

WANNA TELL ME WHY?

DO YOU *REALLY* WANT TO KNOW?

SURE.

OKAY. A FEW MINUTES AGO, RICK AND I WERE TALKING TO A GUY NAMED STARFOX WHO COMPLAINED HE WAS LEAKING *"TEMPORAL PARTICLES."* BUT HE WAS MANAGING TO CONTAIN THEM IN THE TOILET.

SO, BRILLIANT ME, I FIGURED FLUSHING THEM WOULD SOLVE IT. INSTEAD IT WENT NUTS, RICK SWITCHED TO CAPTAIN MARVEL, AND THE TWO OF THEM GOT SUCKED DOWN.

HEY, BOSS... REMEMBER WHEN I SAID, *"WANNA TELL ME WHY?"*

YUP.

FORGET I ASKED.

ALREADY *FORGOTTEN.*

MEANWHILE... LESS THAN A CENTURY AWAY, AT THE CORPORATE HEADQUARTERS OF ALCHEMAX.

MR. STONE! THANKS FOR COMING DOWN SO QUICKLY. I THOUGHT YOU'D WANT TO *SEE* THIS.

THIS HAD BETTER BE GOOD, BOONE.

IT IS, MR. STONE. IT INVOLVES SOMETHING WE PULLED OUT OF VIRTUAL UNREALITY...

VIRTUAL UNREALITY! I THOUGHT I ORDERED THAT PROJECT *SHUT DOWN!*

THE LAST TIME YOU MUCKED WITH THAT INTERDIMENSIONAL NONSENSE, I NEARLY WOUND UP BEING KILLED BY THAT *"THANATOS"* CREATURE. HE TOOK AN *UNDUE* INTEREST IN IT.

THAT'S TRUE, SIR, BUT WE WERE ABLE TO TRAP HIM *IN* THERE...

WE TRAPPED SPIDER-MAN, AS WELL, BUT HE GOT OUT. IF HE COULD, SO COULD THANATOS. LIFE'S TOO SHORT, BOONE, TO RISK MAKING IT *SHORTER.*

SIR... THIS MAY CHANGE YOUR MIND. WE'VE PULLED ANOTHER ARTIFACT OUT OF VIRTUAL UNREALITY.

IT'S A LARGE PIECE OF METAL. I'M *DAZZLED.*

I'M HEADING RIGHT BACK TO THE CEO AND SAYING, *"JORDAN BOONE FOUND US A DAZZLING PIECE OF METAL."* STARK-FUJIKAWA DOESN'T HAVE A PIECE OF METAL. ONLY *WE* DO. WE'RE A MUCH BETTER COMPANY.

WH-WHAT'S IT DOING, BOONE?

THAT'S JUST THE POINT, SIR. IT'S REACTING.

THAT'S NICE. TO *WHAT?* WHAT THE SHOCK *IS* THAT THING?

AS NEAR AS WE CAN TELL FROM STUDYING THE CIRCUITRY OF IT... IT'S A TIME PLATFORM.

TIME AS IN... TIME TRAVEL?

YES, SIR.

THAT'S PREPOSTEROUS, BOONE.

AS WAS PENICILLIN AT ONE TIME, SIR, OR THE NOTION OF HUMAN FLIGHT.

THERE'S *NO* MISTAKE. IT'S A TIME MACHINE, POWERED BY WHAT I CAN ONLY REFER TO AS CHRONOPARTICLES. WE DID A MOLECULAR SCAN AND FOUND SOME STILL ADHERING TO ITS FUEL MATRIX.

CAN IT BE *ACTIVATED?* AND WHY IS IT GLOWING?

IT LACKS SUFFICIENT PARTICLES FOR FULL ACTIVATION. AS TO THE LATTER QUESTION...

...IT WASN'T GLOWING WHEN WE FIRST RETRIEVED IT SOME DAYS AGO OUT OF V.U. SPACE. ITS CURRENT STATUS IS A RECENT DEVELOPMENT. WE THINK IT'S RESPONDING TO A NEWLY DISCOVERED SOURCE OF CHRONOPARTICLES.

AND WHERE MIGHT THAT BE?

AS NEAR AS WE CAN DETERMINE...

...RIGHT THERE.

THERE? ON THE UPPER WEST SIDE, A MILE IN THE AIR? WHAT'S *OVER* THERE GIVING OFF STRANGE TIME PARTICLES?

TIME FLIES

SURRENDER! SURRENDER IN THE NAME OF THE PUBLIC EYE!

GENIS! A LITTLE *HELP* HERE!

HMM?

PART 2: So Tonight We're Gonna Party Like it's 2099

CAPTAIN MARVEL

He is **Genis**, son of the legendary intergalactic hero Mar-Vell! Linked by destiny to professional super hero sidekick **Rick Jones** through the atom-exchanging nega-bands, he is driven by cosmic awareness to seek out and eliminate those forces which threaten the universe!

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OH. SORRY. HOLD ON.

FWAZAAAM

WHOA...

FRIENDS OF YOURS?

IF THEY WERE, I WOULDN'T ADMIT TO IT.

THANKS FOR THE HELP. SEE YOU.

DON'T LET 'IM GO, MARV!

STAY RIGHT WHERE YOU ARE!

YOU KNOW, ON *SECOND* THOUGHT...

...I'LL JUST GO WHERE *YOU* ARE.

GENIS! I'M... I'M SUDDENLY NOT FEELING VERY... VERY...

...WELLLL

...TTTTTT

I'M COMING, STARFOX!

YOU! IN THE BLACK AND RED! STAY PUT!

OOOOKAY.

HANG ON, STARFOX! I'M ALMOST...

...THERE?

WHAT IN THE PAMA IS GOING ON HERE?

RICK...? DO YOU SEE THAT...?

YEAH, MARV, I DO -- BUT FOR ONCE, I'M AS *CLUELESS* AS *YOU* ARE!

WELL, *THAT'S* GOOD TO KN --

HEY! WAIT A MINUTE--!

I'LL WAIT. BUT I DON'T THINK *STARFOX* HAS THAT OPTION.

WHAT --?

OH. RIGHT.

STARFOX! STARFOX, IT'S ME!

I *KNOW* IT'S YOU, GENIS. WHO *ELSE* WOULD IT BE?

WHAT THE HELL IS HAPPENING? WHEN YOU WERE FALLING, I THOUGHT I SAW... I DON'T *KNOW* WHAT I SAW!

WAS IT A BARRAGE OF *IMAGES* FROM VARIOUS POSSIBLE FUTURES THROUGHOUT ALL REALITY?

HOW DID YOU KNOW --?

IT DOESN'T MATTER.

IT DOES MATTER, STARFOX, AND DON'T BE DISMISSIVE OF ME! I'M NOT A CHILD ANYMORE!

YOU NEVER *WERE* A CHILD. YOU'RE A GENETIC CONSTRUCT ARTIFICIALLY EXPEDITED TO YOUR PRESENT FORM, AND YOUR CHILDHOOD IS IMPLANTED MEMORIES.

ALL RIGHT, *FINE!* STARFOX, DON'T BE DISMISSIVE OF ME! I'M NOT A GENETICALLY CONSTRUCTED, ARTIFICIALLY EXPEDITED ADULT WITH IMPLANTED MEMORIES OF MY CHILDHOOD ANYMORE!

YES, YOU ARE.

ALL RIGHT, I *AM!* BUT YOU GET THE IDEA!

ACTUALLY, I'M *TOTALLY* LOST. WHAT WAS YOUR POINT AGAIN?

I --

NEVER MIND.

SPIDER-MAN! WE NEED A GUIDE TO WHEREVER WE ARE, AND YOU'RE--

-- ELECTED?

OH, PERFECT. HE'S GONE.

AND THIS SURPRISES YOU HOW?

IT'S MOVING, MR. STONE. THE CHRONOPARTICLE SOURCE IS MOVING.

NOTHING SURPRISES ME ANYMORE. I'M GOING FROM COSMICALLY AWARE TO COSMICALLY BLASÉ.

COME ON, LET'S MOVE.

ALL RIGHT, BOONE, YOU'VE CONVINCED ME THIS IS WORTH PURSUING. I'M GOING TO SCRAMBLE THE S.I.E.G.E. SQUAD...

I KNOW WHAT IT STANDS FOR, BOONE, I NAMED IT MYSELF. THE POINT IS--

THE SITUATIONAL EMERGENCY GEAR?

WHAT THE SHOCK--?!

UUHH!

MR. BOONE! MR. STONE! WE'RE GETTING SOME SORT OF MASSIVE ENERGY FEEDBACK!

THANK YOU FOR THAT BRILLIANT UPDATE, SAUNDERS! ANYTHING ***ELSE*** OBVIOUS YOU'D CARE TO COMMENT ON?

SHUT DOWN ALL THE RELAYS! HURRY! AND FOR GOD'S SAKE, START WITH THE VIRTUAL UNREALITY PORTAL BEFORE IT'S--

SWOOM

YOU AND YOUR PEOPLE REALLY EXCEL AT BEING ONE STEP ***BEHIND*** ANY GIVEN EMERGENCY, ***DON'T*** YOU, BOONE?

GREETINGS, TYLER STONE, YOU FESTERING PILE OF STEAMING ENTRAILS! DID YOU THINK I'D ***FORGOTTEN*** ABOUT YOU?

HE TALKS LIKE ONE OF MY EX-WIVES.

WHICH ONE?

ANY ONE.

SWOOM

DID YOU TRULY THINK THAT YOU COULD IMPRISON THANATOS WITHIN THE AREA YOU CALL "VIRTUAL UNREALITY" AS EASILY AS ALL *THAT?*

YOU HAVE NO COMPREHENSION OF WHAT YOU'RE DEALING WITH.

OH, I THINK WE *DO.* WE'RE DEALING WITH A LOUDMOUTHED, BOMBASTIC FOOL WHO DERIVES DEMENTED PLEASURE FROM THREATENING THOSE HE SEES AS WEAKER. ISN'T THAT RIGHT, BOONE?

I... I ACTUALLY DON'T KNOW *WHO* THIS GENTLEMAN IS, MR. THANATOS. REST ASSURED HIS OPINIONS DO NOT REPRESENT *ME,* OR THE OTHER EMPLOYEES OF --

QUIET.

YES, SIR.

BELIEVE IT OR NOT, STONE, MY ATTACK EARLIER WAS MERELY TO GET YOUR ATTENTION.

WAS IT NOW.

YES. I WANTED ACCESS TO VIRTUAL UNREALITY... BUT ON MY OWN TERMS, SO THAT I COULD MEET THE GOALS I HAD *SET* FOR MYSELF.

THOSE GOALS *BEING* --?

THE TIME DEVICE THAT YOU HAVE HERE IN THIS LAB...

...AND THE END OF CIVILIZATION AS WE KNOW IT.

WHILE, A HUNDRED YEARS EARLIER, IN THE MIDST OF CIVILIZATION AS WE KNOW IT...

SO WHAT THE HELL HAPPENED? HOW WAS IT THAT RICK WAS ABLE TO *SEE* ME FOR A BRIEF TIME?

IT DOESN'T MAKE ANY *SENSE.*

HEY THERE, ALICE.

OYYYYYY...

ONE MINUTE I WAS TALKING TO *MARLO*, AND THE NEXT I WAS TALKING TO RICK AND HE WAS --

WAIT. WAIT A SEC'. WHAT WAS IT MARLO SAID? SOMETHING LIKE...

..."I WISH YOU'D *BOTHER SOMEBODY ELSE FOR HALF A MINUTE.*" AND THEN, BAM! I'M BOTHERING RICK...

HELLO. IS *MARLO* HERE?

SHE'S IN THE RESTROOM.

AND HE WAS ABLE TO SEE ME... FOR *THIRTY SECONDS!* HALF A MINUTE!

DO YOU KNOW HOW LONG SHE'LL BE?

A WHILE, I THINK.

VERY WELL, I'LL WAI --

ON SECOND THOUGHT, I'LL COME *BACK.*

HOKEY-DOKE. CAN I TELL HER YOUR NAME?

OH, JUST SAY AN OLD FRIEND SHE'LL BE *DYING* TO SEE.

HI. I WANTED TO PICK UP THE ENTIRE RUN OF *"FANTASTIC FORCE."*

MY GOD, *WHY?*

MARLO! SAY YOU WISH I WAS ALIVE!

SAY THAT I DID. BUT WHAT WOULD BE THE POINT WHEN --

NO, NO, I MEAN SAY IT! SAY, "I WISH LORRAINE WAS ALIVE."

MY MOTHER ALWAYS SAYS, "IF WISHES WERE FISHES, THE WORLD WOULD BE AN OCEAN."

I SO DON'T GIVE A DAMN! JUST SAY IT!

OKAY, FINE. "I WISH LORRAINE WAS ALIVE." HAPPY?

NUTS! WELL, SO MUCH FOR THAT THEORY.

LORRAINE, I REALLY DON'T HAVE TIME FOR GAMES.

OKAY, OKAY.

BY THE WAY, HAS IT OCCURRED TO YOU THAT IF FOR SOME REASON THAT TOILET IS THE ONLY WAY IN OR OUT OF WHEREVER THEY'VE GONE --

-- YOU'RE SEALING OFF THEIR MEANS OF GETTING BACK HERE? JUST LIKE YOU TO HAVE A COUPLE OF SUPERTYPES DROWNING IN YOUR FLUSHER.

I HATE YOU.

DON'T MENTION IT.

SO ONE MINUTE YOU'RE DODGING A CHASE FROM A BUNCH OF *FLYBOYS*...

...AND THE NEXT YOU'RE BEING HELPED OUT BY SOME GUY WITH TIGHTS AND A STARRY FACE?

YOU GOT IT, GABE.

BUT WHERE'D HE COME FROM, MIGGY?

DON'T KNOW, LITTLE BROTHER -- AND MOREOVER, I DON'T *CARE*.

THOSE GUYS HAVE BAD NEWS WRITTEN ALL OVER THEM.

DO THEY REALLY, MIGUEL? WHAT FORM OF ENGLISH WAS IT --

NOT LITERALLY, LYLA.

I SEE. WELL, IF YOU WERE UNCLEAR ON THE SUBJECT, I COULD ALWAYS ASK THE INDIVIDUALS THEM-SELVES.

WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT, LYLA? THERE'S NO --

OOOOHHH BOY...

LYLA... ARE WE GETTING COMPANY?

"*COMPANY.*" DEFINITION ONE: AN ARRIVAL OF FRIENDS AND CONVIVIAL PARTY-GOERS. DEFINITION TWO: HOMICIDAL MANIACS LIKELY TO KILL MIGUEL AND/OR GABRIEL.

THE FORMER SEEMS UNLIKELY... THE LATTER, MORE SO.

KNOCK KNOCK

DON'T MIND US. WE LET OURSELVES IN.

I DIDN'T KNOW YOU HAD THAT KIND OF TK SKILL, STARFOX.

MERELY THE SAME GRAVITATION MANIPULATION THAT ENABLES ME TO FLY, GENIS.

I PREFER "CAPTAIN MARVEL."

ODD... SO DID YOUR MOTHER.

NOW THEN... WHICH OF YOU IS SPIDER-MAN?

SPIDER-MAN? WHO'S -- *OHHHH!* RIGHT! MASKED CHAP. CRAWLS WALLS. DRESSES IN THAT RATHER ***GARISH*** ENSEMBLE, ISN'T THAT RIGHT, GASTON?

HUH...?

OH! OH, RIGHT! ***TERRIBLY*** GARISH! JUST... JUST GARISH!

YOU SEE?

NICE, TIGHT LITTLE ***BUTT,*** THOUGH.

WELL, OF COURSE HE -- *WHAT?*

CUT THE ***COMEDY,*** GENTLEMEN. THE PUPILLESS EYES AND STARFACE AREN'T JUST FOR SHOW.

THAT WEBBING THING ON HIS BACK PACKS SOME SORT OF ANTI-GRAV LIFT. HE LEFT A TRAIL OF IONIZED PARTICLES THAT WAS LIKE A HOMING BEACON FOR ME.

MARV, WHY ARE WE EVEN BOTHERING WITH THIS GUY?

BECAUSE STARFOX FELT IT WAS IMPORTANT...

YEAH, AS IF STARFOX HAS BEEN MISTER FORTHCOMING SINCE THIS LUNACY STARTED.

I'M MORE INTERESTED IN TRYING TO FIGURE OUT HOW I'M STILL COMMUNICATING WITH YOU, SINCE THIS LOOKS TO BE AN ALTERNATE DIMENSION AND OUR LINK HASN'T WORKED BEFORE IN THOSE CIRCUMSTANCES.

THERE'S MORE GOING ON HERE THAN MEETS THE EYE, MARV, AND WASTING TIME WITH THESE GUYS ISN'T GOING TO --

WE DON'T HAVE *TIME* FOR THIS DANCE!

YOU! ARE *YOU* HIM? TELL ME NOW!

STARFOX! EROS, WHAT ARE YOU --?

AARRRGHH!

TELL ME!

OKAY, THAT'S IT! YOU *WANT* SPIDER-MAN?!

BLEE AGHFF!

FWHZZ

HIS WEBS! THEY'RE ORGANIC! THEY'RE *PART* OF HIM!

SPIDER-MAN WITH ORGANIC WEB-SHOOTERS! BOY, *THAT'S* SOMETHING YOU'LL NEVER SEE IN A MOVIE--

WELL? ARE YOU HAPPY? *ARE* YOU?

HIS PULSE AND RESPIRATION DO NOT ***DEFINITELY*** INDICATE A STATE OF EUPHORIA, MIGUEL. BEST-CASE OBSERVATION WOULD BE A 43-PERCENT CHANCE THAT HE IS HAPPY, FOLLOWED BY A 17-PERCENT CHANCE OF SLIGHT GIDDINESS, A 19-PERCENT CHANCE OF --

LYLA... WOULD YOU MIND GOING AWAY?

I AM A COMPUTER-GENERATED APARTMENT MONITOR, MIGUEL. *"MINDING"* THINGS IS ***BEYOND*** MY PROGRAMMING PARAMETERS.

GOOD. SO... GO.

I HAVE FRESH CRULLERS BAKING.

NOW.

YOU'VE GOT SPIDER-MAN!

WHO THE HELL WAS *THAT?*

NO ONE.

MMMMMFF!

LOOK, STARFACE, YOU SEEM TO BE THE MORE *SENSIBLE* OF... OF WHOEVER YOU TWO ARE, EVEN THOUGH YOU DISPLAY A DISTURBING TENDENCY TO TALK TO YOURSELF.

ACTUALLY, I'M TALKING TO --

ACTUALLY, I DON'T CARE. YOU OKAY, GABRI?

I THINK I HURT MY --

GREAT, GLAD TO *HEAR* IT.

DO YOU HAVE ANY CLUE WHERE YOU ARE?

YOU SAID SOMETHING ABOUT... 2099? BUT... BUT *WE'RE* FROM THE YEAR 2002, AS IMPOSSIBLE AS THAT SOUNDS...

YOU'RE TALKING TO A GUY WHO CLIMBS WALLS AND FIRES WEBBING FROM HIS ARMS. YOU'D BE *AMAZED* HOW MUCH SEEMS POSSIBLE TO ME THESE DAYS.

YOU'RE REMOVING THE WEBBING?

IS THAT GOING TO *HURT?*

THAT'S THE IDEA.

IF I DO IT RIGHT.

EEEEOOW

RRRIIPP

PERFECT.

HOW... DARE YOU! WHY, I SHOULD --!

YOU SHOULD BE HONEST, IS WHAT YOU "*SHOULD*" DO. HONEST WITH ME, AND HONEST WITH YOUR FRIEND -- WHO, I SUSPECT, HAS *NO* CLUE WHAT'S GOING ON.

WHAT DO YOU WANT?

NOTHING! I WANT ***NOTHING*** FROM YOU!

LYLA! IS HE *LYING?*

GIVEN THAT I HAVEN'T YET ESTABLISHED A COMPLETE TRUTH BASELINE FOR HIM, MIGUEL, I CAN ONLY ESTIMATE THE CHANCES THAT HE'S LYING AT APPROXIMATELY 87-PERCENT, BASED UPON BUMPS IN BODILY--

THANKS. YOU CAN GO.

OKEY-DOKEY.

EIGHTY-SEVEN PERCENT. I'LL TAKE THOSE ODDS.

THIS IS ABSURD! I DON'T HAVE TO SUBMIT TO THIS... THIS...

GENIS! ARE YOU GOING TO TOLERATE THIS TREATMENT OF ME?!

Y'KNOW, MARV... I'VE SEEN STARFOX IN A BUNCH OF DIFFERENT MOODS... BUT I'VE NEVER SEEN HIM...

AFRAID?

YEAH.

STARFOX... "UNCLE EROS"...

WHAT'S GOING *ON?* TELL ME ***NOW,*** OR YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN IN 2099.

WHAT THE...

...SHOCK?

BOTTOM LINE: SOMEONE NAMED *"THANATOS"* EFFECTIVELY ***KILLED*** ME USING A WEAPON HE CALLED THE SPEAR OF DESTINY. AND UNLESS I DELIVER YOU UP TO HIM, GENIS, AT A PLACE CALLED *"VIRTUAL UNREALITY"* AT SOMEPLACE CALLED ALCHEMAX...

...THEN YOU'RE LOOKING AT ONE VERY ***UNETERNAL*** ETERNAL.